

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

For the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—

AN ODE TO KINDNESS.

BY ROSEMARY JOE.

When kindly words are kindly spoken,
They set like oil upon the sea;
They calm the passion's wild commotion,
And join mankind in harmony.

When kindly deeds are done for others,
To ease distress, or want, or pain;
Each heart is filled with warm emotions,
And tears of joy flow free as rain.

When man to man shall be a brother,
In all the intercourse of life;
The world will be a perfect Eden,
And free from war and endless strife.

Then let the kindly words be spoken,
And let the kindly deeds be done;
Let man to man be here a brother,
And heaven on earth will be begun.

STORY TELLER.

ZARA.

A driving, blinding snow, the sky dark and sullen, a wild wind sweeping over the plains, the mountains quite hidden from view by the storm.

Zara threw more pine logs on the fire, drew together the red chintz curtains at the small window of her "best room," and tried to make things a trifle cosier in the ranch cabin.

"Father will soon be home," she said—she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself out in this lonely country, this "new, far-west." "He will put the sheep in the corral early to-night—it is so stormy."

A small clock on a shelf, which served as a mantel, and which was draped with some simple but pretty chintz, like the curtains, struck four. Zara sighed a little as she heard it. How many times had she listened to that same sly chime—it was a pretty little French clock—in happier days.

As she recalled so much—brought back the pretty, old-fashioned New England home so plainly. Zara could almost smell the great creamy roses that climbed over the front porch. She could see the tasteful little homemaker, so different from the meagrely-furnished room she now sat in, with its poor little attempt at cheerfulness. She could fancy herself, as of old, sitting before her sweet-toned piano, singing all the "old tunes" she could call to mind "to please father;" or she could picture the long, happy summer day spent under the large maples in the garden, lying idly in a hammock, drinking in the sweet air, and dreaming as girls will dream.

How her dreams had turned out! When her father came to her one fall day and said very gravely: "Zara, I have lost money. This place must be sold. I shall go West," her heart had leaped with foolish joy. She had dreamed so often of the West; she knew it was a paradise, so free and wild. "Roughing it," would be so very pleasant! Had she not read in books about it? So she had only smiled at her father's grave face and exclaimed: "I am so glad we are going West. We shall make our fortune there, I know."

She was younger then—barely seventeen. She was twenty-two now—had been "roughing it" five years. She was wiser.

The lovely New England home had been sold, all debts paid—for Zara Josslyn's father was strictly honorable—and father and daughter had sought the West—the great, undeveloped Territory of Montana. Mr. Josslyn's remaining capital, which was not large, had been invested in sheep.

"We shall have to be content to wait, Zara, child, while our little flock grows," Mr. Josslyn had said, and at the same time had cast a rueful glance around the small log-house they were to call "home" for the years to come. But Zara was young and hopeful.

"We shall be rich before we know it," she had cried, gayly, and went on tacking muslin on the cabin walls, in lieu of plastering.

The years came and went—the little flock of sheep grew larger and money came in a little more plentifully; but Mr. Josslyn had not made "a fortune" yet, and life on a ranch was not easy. Zara pined secretly for the East. She hated these desolate plains, the barren "foot-hills," the deeply-furrowed, snowy mountains, so different from the wooded New England hills! The sun blinded her—it shone in such a glaring way—and she missed the trees! The few "cotton-wood" trees she detested; she longed for maples, elms, oaks. "I want real trees or none!" she would say. A few vines, in summer, were trained about the cabin-door and windows, and some wild,

pale, pink sweetbrier roses grew near the house. But Zara had not the heart to cultivate flowers; besides, her time was well taken up in other ways. Her days, though monotonous, were busy ones. She did not dream often now, unless of the past, and life was wholly practical to her.

Again the little gilt clock chimed—this time, five.

"I wonder father does not come!" exclaimed Zara, rising from a low foot-bench by the fire, where she had been sitting thinking for the last hour. She went to the window, and peering through the darkness. The wind moaned and wailed, the snow blew against the window-pane. Zara shivered and drew back. As she did so she caught the sound of voices. Lamp in hand, she hurried to the door.

"Go right in," she heard her father say; "don't wait for me. Just tell her you are from the East—that will be sufficient recommendation!" Then Zara saw her father turn toward the barn leading another horse besides his own, and a tall man, well muffled, came striding up the path from the gateway.

"May I come in?" asked the stranger, pausing for a moment at the door and raising his fur cap.

"Certainly," replied Zara, and retreated into the warm, fire-lit room. The tall man followed, and quickly divesting himself of his snow-covered outer wrappings, drew near the blazing fire.

"My name is Storey—William Storey," he said, smiling, "and your father advises me to tell you that I am from the East."

Zara smiled also. "Father knows how glad I am always to see any one from home," she said. "I have been in Montana, however, all this fall. Mr. Storey went on to say 'and I came here nearly every fall to hunt. Montana is good hunting ground. But I have lingered a little too long among the Rockies this time; winter has overtaken me.'"

"It is our first real snow storm, but it makes one feel it ought to be January instead of only November!" Zara said, with a sigh, as a gust of wind beat wildly against the ranch cabin.

"You don't like the West? asked her companion, glancing up at the young girl's somewhat sad face.

She was leaning against the mantel-shelf, unconsciously watching William Storey as he warmed his chilled hands before the blaze.

"No; I thought I should like it, but it is very disappointing." Then suddenly her face kindled. "Have you ever been in Maine? Have you ever passed through a little town called Laurel?" She asked eagerly.

"Yes, to both questions," replied Storey, again smiling. "I stopped over night once at Laurel, on my way to Mount Desert one summer. It is a lovely little nook."

"O, is it not?" cried the young girl, with almost a quiver in her voice. "I lived there once. I was so happy there!"

"Shall you not return there some time?" asked Storey, pityingly, not knowing what else to say.

"We hope to; but we can set no definite time for our return. It all depends on the sheep," said Zara, naively.

As she spoke her father threw open the front door and came in, well whetted by the storm.

Zara hastened to help him off with his great shaggy, buffalo-skin coat, and then drew another chair to the fire for him.

Almost her first words were: "Father, Mr. Storey has been to Laurel!" Mr. Josslyn laughed.

"You couldn't have been to a better place, according to this foolish child," he said, addressing his guest.

Then Zara slipped away, leaving the two men to enjoy the crackling pine logs, while she prepared something hot for supper.

"Well," observed Mr. Josslyn after his daughter had gone, "you were about lost—completely lost!—when I came up with you!" And he gave an amused glance at his companion, as though being lost was rather a comical situation.

"I should think so!" exclaimed Storey. "If you had not come along just then I should most likely have spent the night on the plains. I could not see what way to turn—in fact, I could not see any trail—the storm was so blinding! It was worse than folly, my leaving Bozeman for a ride on such an afternoon. I might have known it would storm! But it only threatened when I set out."

"Are you acquainted much with the country about here?" asked Mr. Josslyn.

"I ought to be," said Storey, smiling; "I hunt in these parts every fall." "You don't say so? Come way to Montana to hunt! You must be very fond of the sport!"

"Very. Montana is a good country for hunting, too. I guess that's all Miss Josslyn would admit it was good for," added the young man, again smiling, as he recalled Zara's pensive young face.

"She hates it; I can see that," Mr. Josslyn said, in a confidential tone; "but she knows we have got to stay here for the present, anyway; so she makes the best of it. Our ranch is not very comfortable—not as comfortable as I could wish for Zara's sake; but we are trying to get away from this wilderness, so lay by all we make. I'm sorry I haven't better shelter to offer you, though," he added.

"I am very grateful for your hospitality," Storey hastened to say. "I am more thankful to you for taking me in at all, and I have spent many a night on ranches far less comfortable than this one."

Then Zara appeared and said simply:

"We use our kitchen for a dining-room. Will you come to supper, please?"

Storey rose immediately, and with his host followed the young girl into a low-ceilinged but exquisitely neat room.

Zara presided at the head of the small round dining-table, and poured fragrant coffee into quaint, real china cups.

"These came from home," said she, proudly, as she handed William Storey one of the dainty blue and white treasures.

The evening was spent in pleasant chatting, and passed so delightfully that the young girl did not feel that she had wasted the little clock when it struck eleven.

A bed was made up in the "best room," as Mr. Josslyn's cramped shed-bed-room, opening, as Zara's did, out of the kitchen, was not deemed sufficiently comfortable for the guest. And when William Storey fell asleep that night he dreamed of the little red-curtained room in which he lay, and saw Zara's pretty, girlish face with the fire-glow upon it, just as he had seen it when awake.

The next morning the sun shone brightly, but all about the ranch lay the snow in gleaming white drifts.

"You had better remain with us to-day," said Mr. Josslyn after breakfast, glancing out the window as he spoke.

"I would like to," said Storey, "but I think I ought to go to Bozeman. My room mate (another Eastern man, Miss Josslyn) will be looking for me. I will ride out in a day or two and see you again, for next week I go home."

Zara gave a little longing sigh at his last words. He was going home. How she wished she could go!

Later she stood with her father in the doorway and watched their guest depart. The sunlight fell upon her wistful young face, and Storey thought how very pretty she was as he rode away.

In a few days he returned, as he had said he would. Zara received him with evident pleasure.

"Father has gone to look after the sheep," she said, "but he will be home to dinner. He will be very glad to see you, I know."

Storey sat down on the rude, home-made lounge, and Zara took her favorite seat, the foot-bench by the fire.

"I go home to-morrow," said Storey—"go home, I mean, to your dear East," smilingly.

"So soon!" cried the young girl. "I am coming back next fall—for another hunt. May I come and see you then?"

"You will never come," said Zara, simply.

"I will never come! Why?" asked the young man, in surprise.

"You will forget all about us in that time—a whole year from now."

"Suppose I don't forget, will you be glad to see me when I come?" inquired Storey with sudden eagerness, and leaning toward Zara so as to get a better view of her half-averted face.

"Yes, I shall be glad to see you."

The answer sounded a little cold, but Storey was not dissatisfied, somehow.

"Then I shall surely come," he said. Presently he went on. "You don't know how I appreciate your taking me in the other night. I shall always remember your kindness."

"Please don't say any more about

it," said Zara, quickly, "for your coming gave us much pleasure. You did not seem like a stranger to us. Father said he felt as though he had always known you. I suppose your coming from the East is something to do with it."

"Haven't you met Eastern people in Bozeman?" asked Storey.

"O yes—several. But the majority of people we have found in Montana seem to be from Missouri. I don't call that East, although they call it so here!" a little contemptuously.

Storey laughed. "Have you ever noticed how all the Missouri people seem to think they have made this Territory?" he inquired. "But for them Montana never would have been inhabited!"

"They are welcome to this glorious country, they and—the Indian!" she exclaimed.

It was late in the day—not until after dinner, some time, that the young man took his departure. He rode away with no little reluctance, and Zara lingered long in the doorway watching him.

The short Montana summer was barely over—the cotton-wood trees were still yellow—and the air was yet quite warm and pleasant, when one afternoon, toward sunset, Zara looked up from her sewing and saw a tall, handsome man coming towards the house on horseback.

"Miss Josslyn!" cried a well-remembered voice.

Zara rose, trembling a little, from the door-steps where she had been sitting. She wore quite a joyous expression, Storey thought, secretly pleased, as he left his horse to graze by the gate and hastened toward the young girl.

"Are you glad to see me?" he inquired eagerly, taking Zara's hand. "You know I am glad!" she exclaimed, her face flushing under his earnest gaze. "Father and I have talked of you so often," she went on; "you know our life is so quiet and monotonous here, that your coming to us last fall was quite an event."

"I am very glad. My coming to you was quite an event to me, I assure you. In all my ramblings since I left you during the gay season at the seaside this summer, ever—I could not get this lonely little ranch out of my head. Somehow, your wistful face haunted me—indeed it did! I grew unreasonably impatient to see—well, Montana again. I tried to reason with myself; but in vain! I pictured you about your every-day life—could see the shadow deepening in your eyes—and one day I cried aloud: 'It is a shame for so young a creature to be buried!' And a few hours later I was on the train, bound for Montana!"

William Storey had spoken with no little eagerness and excitement, and as Zara sat beside him on the steps and listened, her cheeks had grown a deeper crimson.

She did not speak at first when he had finished, but continued looking off, across the plains at the fast sinking sun.

At length she said, her voice a little unsteady:

"I am so glad you did come back."

"Zara!" cried her companion, impatiently. "I came back to tell you I love you! I think I must have loved you before I left you last fall, but I had always scorned the very idea, even, of love at first sight, and I had only met you twice. But when once away from you—separated from you, with thousands of miles between us—I became impatient to see you. Your 'dear East' had no charm for me. I longed for your lonely ranch; I reasoned with myself many times but it was of no use—I realized that I loved you; I was foolish enough, Zara, to think I could teach you to love me."

The sun had quite gone now, the mountains shone darkly purple against the clear amber of the sky, the air was fresh and just a little chill. Zara shivered; from excitement, though, more than cold.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" Is my case then so hopeless a one?" asked William Storey, taking one of the young girl's hands in his and looking gravely in her face.

"Will you not be sorry some day for this! Are you quite sure it is love, not pity, you feel for me? Zara ventured, tremulously.

"I shall never be sorry—I love you! Pity would not cause me to love you to be my wife. All I want to make me as perfectly happy as one can be in this world is your love. Can you—will you—learn to love me, Zara?"

"I do love you!"

The sunset glow faded; the stars gleamed out; a great, yellow moon rose over the eastern hills, and flooded the valley with a brilliant light.

When Mr. Josslyn returned home he was considerably surprised. There was no supper ready; the fire in the "best room" was not lit, as it was wont to be these cool fall evenings; the front door stood wide open, and Zara—usually prudent Zara—was sitting on the steps, bare-headed, utterly regardless of the night air, talking very earnestly to William Storey!

Only one short year, yet what a change it had made in Zara's young life! No longer, when she looked from her window, did she see desolate, bleak, sage-grown plains, belted by snow-crowned mountains. A most lovely flower-garden, framed in by meadow-lands, yellow with golden rod, through which ran a clear little brook, and bounded by blue, wooded hills in the distance, met her delighted eye.

How very happy she was! Almost a year had she been William Storey's wife; almost a year since the quiet little wedding at Bozeman had taken place, and she had left the great Territory—the wild "new far-West"—forever. She was in Laurel now, in her old home, bought for her by her husband shortly after their arrival East.

She had been welcomed cordially by William Storey's people and has spent many pleasant weeks with them in the quaint gray-stone homestead on the Hudson.

But in Laurel she was the happiest. She did not care to leave it even for a day. For hours she would lie in the hammock simply gazing up at the maples and elms above her, so thankful to see trees once more.

William Storey was inexpressibly touched by her childish joy over things that he had hardly given a thought to during his entire lifetime. Through her he learned to notice much that was beautiful which had hitherto been unheeded.

Soon Zara's father was coming to her; that was another pleasure in store for her. The sheep—quite a numerous flock now—were to be left with a competent herder. Mr. Josslyn having everything arranged to his satisfaction.

The fortune predicted by Zara in her girlish enthusiasm had not quite been realized as yet, but Mr. Josslyn was by no means a poor man any longer, and was heard often to assert triumphantly, that "sheep ranch is certainly a paying investment, if well managed!"

The Dog-Fish.

The lake dog-fish (*Ambloplites*) is a lazy, lumbering fellow belonging to the ganoids, phlegmatic in habits, and of no merit either for the table or to amuse the angler; his flesh is soft and pasty, and he is largely known as the "Lawyer," because, forsooth, he "will bite at anything and is good for nothing when caught." To see him in the water he has a contemptible appearance, something like a bull-terrier looking out from under the gate, and he is always ready for anything that comes along, his appetite being insatiable. He is not swift, or if so, seldom exercises his powers, moves about but little in search of prey, preferring, Micawber-like, to wait for something to turn up. He will station himself boldly and openly in the midst of the favorite feeding-grounds of smaller fish, and there lie for hours motionless, except for an occasional twitch of fin or tail, and no matter how hungry, still retain his position with fish whisking about under his very nose. His "policy" is sure to lure his victims into security and cause them to look upon him as a harmless fixture, by which time they usually feed him well. By and by some youngster bolder than the rest swims close to his half-open jaws, when, with a sudden snap, the victim is whisked out of sight, head foremost down his broad gullet, without ever being missed by his companions.

Small cat-fish and perch—stupid creatures—in spite of spiny and horny armor, are his favorite game; and the former, for all his well-known predilection for their race, would seem to learn a lesson or to be in the least put out by his presence. Herring, ciscoes and white-fish also contribute to his diet, as does the spawn of all the finny tribes, and he is a marked feature on the breeding grounds of the Coregonii in November and December. The Great Lake trout he shuns least he catch a Tartar, in the presence of the latter being content

to play the part of the jackal; and the haunts of the mas' allonge are avoided after he succeeds to years of discretion. In the most unparental manner he devours the spawn of his own species, but his spouse appears in a somewhat better light, since she defends impregnated ova of her own body—though fast enough to devour those of others—watches over them till the youngsters are hatched, and then guards and protects them from her own and other species with all the devotion of a brooding hen. When all other means of defense are futile she opens her capacious maw and receives therein the younglings, with which she rushes away to some place of safety, when they are again released.—*The Continent.*

A SHORT STUDY FOR BOYS.

The life of Charles O'Connor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When he was eight years old, he was office boy and newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending in the office, delivered the journal to its subscribers in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. He used to skiff across the rivers, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When he was seventeen years old, he entered a lawyer's office as errand boy. He borrowed law books, took them home, and read them by the light of a candle far into the night. Several lawyers, noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old, he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Connor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success comes slowly to a young lawyer; and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of O'Connor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest case, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

No Mystery to Him.

A stubbed farmer, who had come to market with a load of potatoes, entered a restaurant near the Central market and called for a dozen oysters on the half shell. A couple of jokers happened to be in the place, and, while one attracted the farmer's attention for a moment, the other dropped a bullet into one of the oyster shells. The man gulped down one after another, until he got the one with the bullet in his mouth. Calmly and quietly he bit at the lead with his teeth—calmly and quietly he removed it from his mouth and turned to the light.

"By George! but it's a bullet!" cried one of the men.

"Probably shot into the oyster to kill him," added the other.

"Well, that is a mystery!" said the man behind the counter.

"Gentleman, that's no mystery to me," replied the farmer, as he deposited the ball in his vest pocket. "At the battle of Fair Oaks, over twenty years ago, I was hit in the leg by that very bullet. It's been a long time working up, but she's here at last, and I'll have it hung on my watch-chain if it costs \$5.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Prof. Bell's New Race.

The public has been informed that the National Academy of Science has transmitted to congress, among other memoirs, a paper prepared by Prof. A. Graham Bell and read by him at a scientific gathering a year or so ago. Mr. Bell labels his paper: "The Formation of a Deaf Variety of the Human Race," and, under cover of the high sounding title, proceeds to make statements which a very ordinary analyst would, after a perusal, group as the opinions of Mr. Bell. These opinions, it may be remarked in passing, are antagonistic to those of careful thinkers and educators who have spent their lives in the cause of deaf-mute education and amelioration.

The single fact upon which Prof. Bell builds is the undoubted one that the deaf select the deaf in marriage.

But, while he confesses his inability "at present" to arrive at any percentage, he confidently claims that "it is certain that the proportion of deaf-mute offspring born to deaf-mutes is

many times greater than the proportion born to people at large." Upon this he argues his theory of a deaf variety of race.

It happens that there are facts at hand which do not give the Bell theory the poor help of even an outside prop. Out of 250 pupils instructed by the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes in this city, during the ten years of its existence, there have been nine cases where the parents were, one or the other, deaf. Of these three were from one family, two from another, two from a third, and of the two remaining each came from different families. As Prof. Bell draws his safety line at those having but one deaf child, in the above record of ten years he has just three families and seven children on which to work, out of a pupillage of 250. What his percentage may be we leave his arithmetic to determine.

But has it ever occurred to Prof. Bell that other people besides deaf-mutes may get married and have deaf children in surprising numbers? The same record that charges three cases of two or more deaf-mutes in a family to deaf parents, also charges twenty-one cases, comprising forty-five pupils, of two or more deaf-mutes in a family to persons gifted with every sense. There are eighteen cases where there are two deaf children to such parents, and three cases where there are three. So much for Prof. Bell's certainty that all the blame lies at the door of deaf husbands and wives. The chances are seven to one against his theory.

Not to go without the bounds of our own city, we recall that we have among our useful citizens six couples that are deaf and there are children in each house. In all there are seventeen children and not one is deaf. This is the more remarkable, in view of Prof. Bell's allegations, from the fact that the wife of one has a deaf brother who has himself two deaf children. Two of the others are brothers, and with a sister they make the three deaf children of a family whose heads, by the way, were neither deaf nor dumb. These two brothers have between them five children, who, according to the Bell idea, should be deaf also in the natural order of things, especially as the wives were in each case congenital mutes. It is the same in Utica among the deaf citizens there, and throughout the country a parallel state of facts exists.

The easy facility with which Prof. Bell passes to the means of prevention of race peculiarity which does not exist in any percentage he can discover, discloses the enthusiastic in a system of instruction he takes occasion to advertise in his paper. That system has received so much discussion in the abstract, that it is difficult to see what it can gain by being mixed up with the old heresy of a deaf-mute colony. Prof. Bell cites the case of European colonization of a little bit of Manitoba with a couple of dozen deaf-mutes; and this directly throws the gravest of doubts upon the cure-all of articulation, for it is right in Europe that the articulation system has its strongest stand. A deaf-mute community is a practicable impossibility, unless the freest of free trade in citizens is allowed. The children of the deaf colonists could not keep up the deafness, for the very good reason that the vast proportion of them would have ears and tongues.

Only by the quick export of all who could hear and the import of fresh consignments of deaf-mutes could a "deaf variety of the human race" be kept up, and the work of its formation would rest, as it always has, principally upon those who, like Prof. Bell, can hear and speak.

Still, it can not be denied that there is a certain small risk in the marriage of persons who are congenitally deaf, since it has been shown that there are some cases where deaf offspring is the result of such union. It is true, on the other hand, that many marriages of this kind have been attended by no defective result. The remedy is found in the exercise of common sense on the part of the deaf themselves. A great proportion of deaf-mutes are made so by accident or sickness and do not come under theories of transmission. Let a congenital mute, therefore, not marry another congenital mute, and the chances that his offspring will be deaf will be reduced to that minimum which surrounds every life.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day; "Fanny Finch fried floundering frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

The deaf-mute railroad victims promise to be quite abundant during 1885. Up to date we have recorded three accidents caused by this modern juggernaut, two of which were fatal. During the last four years, the number of deaths on the railroad aggregated 164—an average of 41 a year, or nearly one a week. All of these fatalities were chronicled in the JOURNAL, and it is quite possible there have been many such accidents that we did not hear of. Among the fifty-two victims of the year 1884, three were women and two were little girls. If the fatal railroad accidents to hearing people were proportionate to those of deaf-mutes, they would number nearly if not quite 10,000 a year. We have seen it suggested that a legal enactment might lessen the terrible railroad mortality among deaf-mutes. Perhaps it would. There is one thing, however, that would do no harm and might possibly do much good, and that is, to make the consequences of walking on the railroad a periodical lesson for deaf-mute children while at school. Make them believe that the short road to eternity is to step upon the iron rail. We would suggest, as an object lesson for beginners, a locomotive going at full speed past a railroad crossing on which is inscribed: "All hope abandon ye who wander here."

MR. LEWIS J. DUDLEY, the President of the Board of Corporation of the Northampton Institution, in the late Report of that school, urges upon all people, papers, and Institutions, the discontinuance of the application of the term "dumb" to the deaf. He thinks "deaf-mute" is a proper term for designating the class of people who can not hear and in consequence do not speak, but characterizes the word "dumb" as a term only applicable to brutes of the lower creation. We have no doubt that all deaf-mutes will be willing to dispense with the offensive word, but it would entail a very great loss upon Institutions in the matter of legacies, etc., were they to change their corporate title. Mr. Dudley's paper is a very good one, and is undoubtedly prompted by humane and kindly motives, but to adopt his suggestions in every particular case, would be too great a sacrifice for the mere purpose of making what might prove an ineffectual effort to do away with a popular misnomer.

THE "Guild of Silent Workers" held a very pleasant and profitable party last week. It is understood that over \$70 was realized for "sweet charity's sake." In conformity with the name of the entertainment, the supper consisted of that famous New England dish, baked beans, which was eaten by the dudes to please the pretty servitors rather than their own fastidious palates. The deaf-mute ladies have quickly acclimated themselves to the frugality which forms so important a feature at church fairs, and actually outdid their hearing competitors by reserving the cake contributed for the supper to be auctioned off after the banquet of pork and beans. However, this last device was not entirely successful, as it served to stir up feelings of jealousy and triumph among the fair ones, in exact proportion to the difference in the amounts realized on their respective cakes.

"HYPO" in the present issue, says he has decided to retire from the "Bell Memoir" controversy. It will doubtless be a great relief to Prof. Bell to know that so formidable an opponent has been silenced.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

The rumor that John Dewester is married to Miss Catherine Desich is false.

Harry M. Powell says he will soon resume work at the Singer Sewing Machine Manufactory.

"Imperator," our scribe, acknowledges the receipt of a Christmas gift in the shape of a dainty silver watch, presented him from his brother, of Warsaw, Ind.

Mr. J. W. Hess has been working at his trade at shoemaking in State Line, Pa., since he moved from Hagerstown, Md., last August. He is stopping at Mr. Howard Brumbaugh's boarding house. Mr. Howard (mute) likes the JOURNAL very well.

Rev. Job Turner would have held a joint service in Danville, Va., last Thursday night, with a venerable Episcopal clergyman about eighty years old, but for the scarlet fever epidemic. So he put it off till another time, and proceeded South again.

Jonathan Buxton, of Wakefield, Mass., was awakened a few nights ago by a bright light, and looking from the window, discovered a neighbor's barn on fire. He and his family roused the owners of the barn and assisted them in putting out the fire and saving their property.

"Imperator," being exceedingly interested in roller skating, is still having a most delightful skate along with lots of fair damsels (hearing). He says that he will in all probability start this or next month for the West, through Indiana, where he will try to secure employment.

Mrs. Frank Roberts wishes to thank the ladies who so kindly contributed pies and cakes for the New England Party, also the gentlemen for money contributed, not forgetting Mr. Webber, of the Harlem packing house, for ham, and M. H. Moses & Co., for sugar, feeling it was greatly through the liberality of friends that insured the party the success that it proved to be.

On the evening of the 26th ultimo, a slim, though rather pleasant party at the cozy residence of Mr. Hugh McMaster, on Victory Street, Pittsburgh, was gotten up. Various games, familiar to the tastes of such deaf-mutes present, were freely participated in throughout the night, and an elegant collation was partaken of. After the repast was done away with, the amusements were again resumed and continued till a late hour, when the company dispersed, vowing that they had a very enjoyable time.

Since his confinement in the St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, Mr. William Ennis has been visited by the following gentlemen and ladies:—Miss Ellen Kelly and Mrs. Pownall, Messrs. J. F. O'Neill, J. D. Shelton, J. F. Donnelly, E. Dunlap, Pat Campbell, W. J. Reilly, J. F. O'Brien, Thos. Mayhew, J. P. Donoghue, J. H. Leonard, J. Hanneman, W. G. Pownall, T. I. Lombardy, and W. Slattery. Mr. Ennis wishes to tell them through the columns of the JOURNAL that he is much obliged to them for their kind visits.

Mary Welch, the 40-year-old deaf and dumb woman, who suddenly left Lynn one week ago this morning, has not yet been heard from. Active search has not been made, and it is feared the woman has met with her death in some manner. She resided with her husband at No. 9 Rand street, Glenmore, and left home ostensibly to visit friends in Boston and Somerville. They have not seen her. Mrs. Welch formerly resided on Shaving street, Boston. When the woman left she had on a light shawl, blue skirt, and straw hat with black feather. She is dark-complexioned, has dark hair, and is short and stout. —Boston Paper.

Smith's Drill Commandery, a secret benevolent organization of colored men, held its third anniversary drill and supper last night at Douglass Institute. The head of the commandery is Wm. H. Smith, a popular barber of South Baltimore, who originated it, and after whom it is named. His title is State's general. The commandery has 40 members. Their uniform is light blue pants with broad yellow stripes, dark blue coat and cap and large brass buttons, with the initials of the commandery on them; and for arms a light straight knighthood sword. Their drill is entirely by signs, not a word being uttered, and is the original conception of State's General Smith. The drill, the music of a band and the banquet afforded several hours of enjoyment to the guests, who exceeded 1,000 in number, and included many colored citizens of social position and fashion. The table was arranged tastefully and with beauty of floral arrangement. James S. Payne was the caterer. Raymond Evans was officer of the day. His regular official position is State chaplain. —Baltimore Sun.

She heard the Knock.

Recently there was an explosion of over two tons of powder at Salt Lake, which shook the whole city and wrecked everything in the neighborhood. When the explosion occurred a deaf old lady, who lived a block away, picked up her ears and said: "Come in." She then turned smilingly to her daughter and exclaimed: "Law me, I do believe I'm getting back my hearing. I heard that knock at the door as plainly as ever I heard anything in my life."

A Notable Sunday Gathering.

In the rear room of a saloon near Tenth and Chestnut streets every Sunday, the affairs of the nation are discussed and settled as a crowd of men always can and do dispose of momentous questions. Oftentimes the debate upon this and that man's merits and the principles of parties runs high, but there is no yelling or screaming, and save the occasional shuffling of feet, one would be almost unaware of the presence of an excited throng. The gatherings are composed of deaf-mutes. The majority of those who participate in the Sunday afternoon convales are extremely intelligent and well read upon the important topics of the day. They come from all parts of the city, and meet but once a week, and that gathering is a lively one. Before the last Presidential election the feeling ran high, and the fingers interpreted some wicked thoughts. Now it has subsided somewhat. The majority of the mutes are Democrats. They are all great politicians and partisans of the bitterest sort. —Phila. Record.

Lewis Lyons, of Waco, Tex., contemplates returning to New York next summer.

Clark Brown has returned to Gooding's Grove, Ill., after a short experience in driving one of the wagons of the Oak Park and Chicago Express.

David S. Eis, of New Corydon, Ind., spent Christmas with his brother and sister in Marion, Ind. He expects to pay a visit to Ohio before long.

The Clerical Literary Association of Philadelphia is selecting the committee for their annual picnic. We expect it to be an enjoyable affair and hope all who can will be present.

Thomas Delp, in company with John Ward and Misses Maggie, Agnes and Mary Powers, of Philadelphia, paid a visit to their friend, John Lowry, at the Episcopal hospital in that city.

Joseph Clemens drove to Morganville, N. J., from Jamesburg, and took Mr. Henry Stryker from that place to Keyport, on Sunday last. Joe is enjoying good health, and has fine times when he is "duty off."

Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, Me., is appointed to succeed the late deceased Mr. James B. Andrews, of South Paris, Me., who was treasurer of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission. He died very suddenly last November.

Mr. Hunt is a successful farmer, who has a good paying farm with comfortable buildings. Last week he finished his heavy work, putting in over 12 tons of ice and hauling out 10 cords of cord wood to sell, and also his extra wood.

A surprise party will be given to John E. Dougherty and wife, of Watkins, N. Y., on this Thursday evening, by mutes of Lyons, Geneva and Elmira. The committee are C. C. Cuddeback and wife, Zenas Garbrandt and J. E. Andrews.

On the 19th, a sociable was given at No. 51st Street, in honor of Miss H. Mandle's birthday. Among the presents were a beautiful box of toilet articles from Mr. Meisel, and silk handkerchiefs from Misses B. and H. Wolman, of Brooklyn.

Henry Schanck, of Jamesburg, N. J., drove behind a spirited mare to Morganville lately, to see Mr. and Mrs. Nash, but the lady was in Newark. He then spent a few hours with his parents in Freehold. His mare trotted about 35 miles in one day.

In the Galland Club Rooms there was great excitement over the rumor of Vice-President M. Heyman's sudden disappearance from his home, but the latest reports say there was no cause for it, as he returned home on the 26th after a few days' pleasant stay in Plymouth, Pa.

Mr. Timothy Gibson, formerly of Brownfield, Me., died very suddenly on the 8th of December, in Rising City, Neb., after suffering internal injuries a few weeks. He was the father of Mrs. George W. Wakefield, of Brownfield, Me., which place he left 13 years ago with his family, to live in Nebraska.

William Ennis will soon be discharged from the St. Mary Hospital, where he has been confined as a surgical patient, as his left leg is nearly healed. He will have the pleasure of seeing his friends at the Reception of the C. L. B. U. and the Post Literary Society Dramatic Entertainment, after a long absence of six months.

It is stated in the JOURNAL, of January 22d, that Capelli was working at Toney's. I am informed that he was working there two weeks ago, but he was met by a compositor, named William Temple, who is not on speaking terms with Capelli, for refusing to accept thirty-five cents per one thousand ems, which Toney offered, and then Temple advised Capelli to leave the office as the men were out on strike. He did take Temple's advice and left the place. It is understood that Toney will take back the Union men this week. The reason Toney is beaten, is that the newspaper called "Boycotter" started out to boycott him last week. William Temple is on strike for four weeks.

About 11 o'clock to day a deaf and dumb man named Napoleon Albay, son of the Whitehall Street barber of that name, ran against a post at the foot of the steps opposite Nally's restaurant and was injured internally. A little blood flowed from his mouth, but beyond a lump on the head no damage seemed to have been done to him. He was placed on a chair with his back supported by the post, and remained there quite a while, suffering from an epileptic fit apparently. No physician could be obtained, and sympathetic friends had the young man placed in a sleigh and conveyed to his home, where he now lies. —Troy Times.

A Horrible Case of Suicide.

DEBURY, Jan. 15.—A terrible case of suicide occurred this morning at Anamosa, Ia. Frank Van Amburg, a deaf-mute, weary of life, threw himself beneath the wheels of a switch-engine on the Chicago & Northwestern road. He was horribly mangled, and lived but a short time. He made a similar attempt once before.

A Strange Restoration of Speech.

LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 27.—Miss Emma Lensehich, of Berwinstown, is the daughter of George W. Lensehich, a prominent tanner, who died four years ago. Miss Lensehich is nearly thirty years old, and never spoke to any one but her mother and two sisters. Although tenderly caring for her father in his last illness, she never spoke to him. She was the only one present when he died. She went to school and obtained a fair education, but never received a lesson or spoke to her teacher or schoolmate. When she was a child her father tempted her with gold pieces to speak to him, but she could not or would not speak.

She has always abhorred men, but was fond of the society of ladies, answering their remarks simply with a smile. Inheriting some money, she bought a house, which afterward became the parsonage of the Bridgeville Church. Her mother acted for her in the purchase of the house. Last Thursday, upon coming down stairs suddenly, she found her mother lying on the floor in the agonies of death, and before assistance arrived the mother had died in the mute daughter's arms. Since then she has talked freely to every one. A gentleman from that section to-day says she continues to talk, but offers no explanation, if she has any, of the past. The family is prominent in the country, and the case, in view of its recent development, is exciting much attention. —New York World, Jan. 28.

NOTICE.

Rev. Dr. Galland expects to conduct services for deaf-mutes in the church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, on Sunday, February 1st, at 12 (Holy Communion) and 3 P.M., and in St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, in the evening.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The Lit.

THAT "MEMOIR."

Melange.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The Literary Society held its first literary meeting of the term on Friday, when Hanson, of '86, read an interesting paper on "Sweden and the Swedes." Mr. Hanson is himself a Swede, and came to the United States from that country when twelve years old. While becoming an accomplished English scholar, he has not forgotten the language of his native land, and has made a study of the customs and literature of the people with whom he used to live. As he said in his essay, he looks upon Sweden as his foster-mother, and while conscious of the immense debt of gratitude he owes to the latter country, he still cherishes a fond remembrance for the land of his birth. He described the geographical features of Sweden, which is far from being the cold, rugged, inhospitable country that foreigners generally imagine it to be; gave an account of the agricultural and mining industries; touched on the more important features of the natural, mythological, modern and constitutional history of the country; the mental, physical and social characteristics of the people, and their literature and present school system.

This essay was followed by a debate between Messrs. Boland and Schwartz, for the Affirmative, and Messrs. Goldberg and Van Allen, for the Negative, on "Is a lie ever justified?" Kant, Milton, Montaigne, Haven, Paley, and every writer, ancient or modern, who had ever told, approved or condemned a lie, had been hunted out of his dusty grave in the Congressional Library, and was forced to take part in the wordy war. Victory finally declared in favor of the divine goddess Truth. A dialogue between Messrs. James and Washburn, and a declamation of "The Soldier's Dream," by Mr. Cloud, constituted the remaining exercises of the evening.

Mr. Francis D. Clarke anticipates, in the last issue of the JOURNAL, a correction which I had intended to make in this letter, but the following facts obtained from a gentleman who is able to speak authoritatively may possibly still be of interest. The National Academy of Sciences, as incorporated by Congress, consists of a limited number of members, who are required, by law, to furnish the Government, free of charge, with any information they may possess, when called upon for the same. The Academy is authorized for this, they are authorized to have the papers read before the Academy printed at the Government Printing Office, and copies are deposited with Congress. It was in this way that the "Memoir" of Professor Bell, who is a member of the Academy, was published and presented to Congress.

While acknowledging the justice of Mr. Clarke's correction, it is impossible to justify the *rabidus furor* with which he indulges those who, while under a misapprehension of the facts, ventured to criticize Prof. Bell's supposed action. When such responsible papers as the *Tribune* and *Herald* of New York, and the *Post*, *Republican* and *Star* of this city, assert a thing, and the person concerned does not take the trouble to make a correction, it is generally assumed that they have told the truth, and people are fully justified in acting on such assumption. The idea of the writer, and doubtless of many others who had read both the book and the statements in the daily papers, was, that Prof. Bell, after his "Memoir" had been published by the National Academy of Sciences, had decided to bring the subject before Congress. This, considering the unanimity with which the newspaper asserted that the professor had no memorialized Congress, was a natural and inevitable conclusion.

Nor can one see by what right Mr. Clarke constitutes himself the mentor of those who have written on the subject, and commands them "git down on their bendin' knees," and beg the professor's pardon. It is barely possible that these gentlemen are capable of making the *amende honorable* where they owe it, without any coaching. But, Mr. Van, I believe the explanation I have made, will be a sufficient apology for myself and all the others.

MELANGE.

There has been some very fine skating during the past week, which those who are so fortunate as to be provided with skates, have enjoyed to the utmost. A party, consisting of the Misses Galland, Professors Chickering and Hotchkiss, and Messrs. Bryant, Morrow and Adams, glided down to Alexandria on the canal on Friday, and managed to get back in time to escape one of those sudden thaws for which Washington is famous.

Twenty students, the majority of whom are upper class men, will study book keeping under Prof. Draper this term.

The mumps have broken out on the Green. Miss Schofield, of the Primary Department, and Miss Lulu Chickering are the only sufferers at present.

President Porter, of Yale College, made the round of the recitation rooms with his brother, on Friday.

We are told that Hammer, of '81, who clerks in the Suregon General's office, has presented his wife with a grand upright piano.

Barrett, of '89, is suffering with a sore eye, and Van Allen, of the same class, looks out on the world from behind a scholarly pair of glasses.

Harden's hand grenades have been substituted for the Babcock extinguishers that formerly stood in the College halls.

Still they come! It's a boy, and steward Van Ness is his father.

Professor Draper will lecture on Friday, the 30th inst. His subject will be "Horace and the Horation poetry."

GASTON.

Jan. 26, 1885.

BALTIMORE.

On Tuesday the Secretary had been given a legal notice matter to set up in agate, and while he was making preparations to go on with it, he discovered that the rats the night before had played havoc with the case, causing the types to become rebellious. After several sighs, he said to himself, "Pi, is not easy work."

Mr. Knoebel, one of our members, received a very handsome card from Mr. Underwood's uncle and aunt, inviting him to their Linen Wedding, which took place on Monday, January 19th. While conversing with the Secretary, he said he had a splendid time, the refreshments were of a first class character, and the games indulged in were very entertaining.

A few days ago, the barometer, which registered at its proper place, seemed to have reached the lowest point below zero when the Secretary's chum informed him that he was told, while attending the Bal Masque, by some of the Philadelphia ladies, that Miss Pauline Strable was engaged to Mr. Sharrar, of Philadelphia. To prove this, the Secretary asked her a few questions concerning this matter, and she emphatically said that she was not.

Mr. Gallion, who had been attending the Mask Ball in Philadelphia, while it was in progress, says he feels very much obliged for the kind treatment he received from the mutes of that Quaker City, especially Mr. Wilson. He also added, he had an exceedingly fine time.

The Secretary's chum is suffering with a severe cold, and has been confined to his room for several days. It would be advisable to try Dr. Benson's Caprine Plaster.

Mr. Geo. A. Gallion expects to accompany Mr. David Kennedy in his (Kennedy's) buggy, to the vicinity of York, Pa., to visit his farm in a week or two.

We have had severe cold weather, and every day since Sunday there has been fine skating at the parks and ponds.

The Secretary received a letter from Rev. Job Turner, in which he said: "Please send By-Laws and Constitution to P. Dolan, Harrod's Creek, Ky." Who is this gentleman? None of us Baltimore Boys have ever heard of that name.

Mr. Wm. McElroy says he has not forgotten his promise to present two young ladies of Philadelphia with his photograph.

SECY PEABODY L. A.

North Carolina Items.

The catalogue of the Raleigh Institution has been received. It shows the attendance from January 1st, 1883, to November 30th, 1884, to be 201. The following changes are made: Mr. H. A. Guderger resigned his office as Principal on the 3d of January, 1883, and the Board elected Mr. W. J. Young, to fill the vacancy. Mr. J. C. Blair was elected to fill the vacancy of Mr. Young. In May, 1883, Miss Nettie Marshall was appointed to take charge of a deaf-mute class of articulation and lip reading.

After the holidays the Institution opened with encouraging prospects. A number of new pupils are present. Mr. W. J. Young is an efficient officer, and has our sincere good wishes for his success.

What has become of "Yar" and "T. Ella M."? Their letters in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL have not appeared for a few months. We like their regular visits, as they were greatly interesting to the North Carolina deaf-mutes.

Our chum, Frank Lindsay, has been afflicted like Job—Wonder if he manifested the same patience.

Rev. Job Turner was not present to hold services in Greensboro two Sundays ago, as we expected. What's the matter?

Last week we noticed a local about Mr. Frank McCue, in the Staunton (Va.) *Vindicator*, that spoke of him being a deaf-mute instead of hearing. The *Vindicator* is mistaken, and should make the correction.

A private letter from Mr. Ira Sapp, formerly a pupil of the Virginia and North Carolina Institutions, but now of the Tennessee Institution, says he is well pleased with his school. We are glad to know that he has improved in the English Language since we last saw him.

Mr. Tom Penn, of Winston, was in Virginia lately on business.

Frank Lindsay, an energetic compositor on the *Kernersville News*, contemplates going to the Raleigh Institution instead of his *Abna Mater*, the Virginia Institution. That's right, Frank, you will please accept Atwell's congratulations.

No more news for the present.

ATWELL.

Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod, of Wheeling, W. Va., were out at the Ohio Institution last week, the former to attend a meeting of the Committee for the coming reunion.

Miss Sarah Noyes, for fourteen years a teacher at the Ohio Institution, resigned in the early part of January, having accepted a similar position in the Illinois State School at Jacksonville. Better pay out there.

Edward J. Dundon, of the Columbus Club, has signed with the Atlanta (Georgia) Base Ball Club for the coming season, at a salary of \$1,200. Manager Schmelz will also go and manage the club.

John Rynn, of Portsmouth, Ohio, has agreed to play with the Chattanooga, Tennessee, Base Ball Club this year. Salary not ascertained.

Miss Mary C. Bogle is in Clifton, Greene Co., Ohio, with her sister, Mrs. Stewart, for a while.

The Columbus, O., firebugs, the Davis boys, though fools, are not yet dead. The Columbus papers now and then give an account of one or the other's attempt at incendiarism. There seems to be no way to escape these pests until they are old enough to be sent to the State penitentiary.

Miss Chidester, articulation teacher of the Ohio Institution, will return to New York State February 1st, she having resigned. A Miss Saunders of the Columbus City Public Schools, who is taking lessons with Miss Chidester now, will in all likelihood be appointed in her place.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes.

MR. EDITOR:—I regret that the accidental use of the words "or collect" in my communication renders my meaning liable to misconception. I fully agree with the editorial remarks of the *Leader* of the 26th instant, that it would be bad policy to collect through any one excepting an authorized person, who would be trusted by the givers and responsible to the Society. My remark was intended as an invitation to all friends of the cause to give. I hope you will do me the favor to print this correction of my meaning.

A MEMBER.

Jan. 27, '85.

Industrial Education is meeting with favor in many quarters. The idea that the hand should be taught, as well as the head, which has been exemplified in the different schools for the deaf and dumb for many years, so that pupils may go out from them possessed of the means of earning their own living, has taken quite a hold upon educators in general. The latest manifestation of it is from the South: a quarter whence many would not expect it. One Southern State appointed a commission to investigate the technical schools of the North, another is likely to follow suit, and a college in a third was already in the industrial department where seven or eight trades are taught. A committee appointed to examine these reported very favorably concerning them, even going so far as to say that "manual labor, as a means of mental and physical training, is essential."

The Southern States are rich in raw material of every description, whether it grows out of the ground, is dug from the earth, or got from the water, and to train up the next generation to work these things into shape, will be as great a blessing as could be conferred upon them. —Deaf-Mute Hawk-eye.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Jan. 31, Indianapolis, Ind. Lecture. Feb. 1, Indianapolis, "Service." 7, Dayton, Ohio.—Lecture. 8, Dayton, "—Service." 8, 7:30 P.M. Hamilton, Ohio. (Probable) 14, Detroit, Mich.—Lecture. 15, Detroit, "Service." 18, Cleveland, O.—Service. 22, Chicago, Ill.—Service.

A few appointments may be made between these dates. Deaf-mutes are invited to write me at No. 5 Chestnut Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

He Experimented.

He was a bashful wooer, but there was a certain manliness about him which indicated that he only needed a little encouragement to let himself out. She saw this, and she resolved on a policy of encouragement.

"Do you believe these stories in the funny papers," she asked, "about the willingness of young ladies to be kissed?"

"I—I really can't say," he replied. "They may be true." Then, gathering courage, he added; "hope they are true," and he drew closer to her.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or not."

"And what way is that?" he asked. "There was a brief pause. Then, with a far-away look in her eyes, she answered:

"By experimenting when he has an opportunity."

He experimented. —Detroit Press.

Don't gossip. It not only injures you by leading you to exaggerate facts, but it often injures those of whom you speak when no injury was intended. Words, especially bad ones, are like thistle seeds borne upon the breeze. They lodge and grow over the land, and when once started cannot be picked up again.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A GENERALLY peaceful condition of affairs is reported in Alaska.

FIFTY cows in Delaware have been inoculated for pleuro-pneumonia.

A FAMINE is prevailing in the governments of Archangel and Volodga, Russia.

TELEPHONE subscribers at Schenectady are giving up their instruments, the rates being too high.

SEVERAL villages in Italy have been overwhelmed by avalanches, and hundreds of people have perished.

By the explosion of a portable engine on a farm near Groton, N. Y., two men were killed and three seriously injured.

The splendid Hudson River Steamer, St. John, that plied between New York and Albany, was burned at its wharf at the latter place on Friday last.

In consequence of the receipt of threats to blow up the London General Post Office, the government have ordered special precautions to be taken for the protection of that building.

The manager and accountant of the branch of the London Bank of Australia at Melbourne, West Australia, have been found murdered in the bank, having been tomahawked. The assassins escaped.

It has been definitely ascertained at Chicago that the

ST. LOUIS.

The Deaf-Mute Club's Ball.

A SUCCESS FINANCIALLY AND SOCIALLY.

Who were There and What They Did.

SHORT SCRAPS.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

The day of days, Saturday, Jan. 10th, that had been anxiously looked for by all our silent community came round at last, and as the shades of evening began to fall the only thing that troubled the souls of any one was the possibility of bad weather; but "old Probs," seems to always smile benignly on all the enterprises the Deaf-Mute club has undertaken, and the night proved to be all the most "rumbling mortal could desire for a ball." The committee were all "on deck" long before they were needed, each of them being anxious to make sure that nothing had been overlooked. At an early hour, merry couples began to troop in, and were deftly taken in hand and made comfortable in double quick time; by nine o'clock, the time the shadow entertainment began, the hall was very comfortably filled with about 300 ladies and gents; the shadow programme took about an hour to go through and sent every one—particularly the hearing people—into roars of merriment. To give a full account of the performers and parts assumed by them would take up too much space, and life is short. The programme was very neatly made up, and many ladies doubtless lay it away among feminine treasures. The dances were 22 in number—comprising all the popular waltzes, scottisches, etc., of the day, though we noted the absence of the rag and it seems to have lost favor. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and other trimmings and elicited many admiring comments. As for the floor, ah! well, it was as slippery as any dancer could wish, as was shown by some highly interesting ground and lofty tumbling indulged in by about a dozen of the dancers, much to the amusement of the spectators but intense disgust of the victims. The lion's share of credit for the ball's success should be awarded to William Stafford. Willie worked all the fat off himself in a few weeks preceding the ball, and should be given a free pass to the New Orleans Exposition to recuperate; Leo Froning (Young Jumbo) made his first debut as a committee man, and proved himself a valuable assistant in pulling the ball through; Messrs. Ashbel, Merrill, Fred W. Stockick, and John Campbell, the other members of the arrangement committee, also did their level best to carry out the wishes of their chairman and are not overlooked. There were about 75 mutes present, the ladies a trifle ahead in numbers, but that was made up for by some of the obliging boys taking two, and, yes, we actually saw one rash young man with three ladies under care of his strong arms. How he managed to survive the trying ordeal is one of the things no one can find out. St. Louis young men certainly did themselves proud in their polite attention to every one, though we know some of them felt awful bashful over taking a girl out. And now a word in praise of St. Louis mute young ladies, as they richly deserve; we are positively certain that every one of them, with two solitary exceptions, danced to perfection compared with the most of the hearing dancers present, and several of them were told by admiring hearing people were away ahead of all the hearing ladies. The mutes always danced with hearing partners, except in a few cases. As for our boys, we blush to say they did only tolerable, about one half being no good at tripping the "light fantastic toe!" The supper—well, the memory of how we suffered from the load of good things we rashly tried to get outside of owing to the urgent persuasions of the fair one on our right hand, will tell ball goers it was first class. The music was the best the city could furnish, and was by the celebrated Knights Templars band, whose fame is well known in many other towns for the excellence of their music. In fact, the club did not stop at the expense, but spread their money to make sure the ball should come up with (if not ahead of) any hearing ball given in this locality, and every lover of a good time acknowledges they had everything down fine.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John Gill and E. J. McNamara were dubbed the "two orphans," as they wandered into the hall at a late hour without any four ladies under care of their muscular (?) arms, and seemed decidedly averse to have any of the girls notice their graceful figures, because they hid up on the balcony most of the evening.

J. T. Bove had a seven by nine inch grin over his classic features, as he bounced around on duty as a floor-committee man, and a few feminine eyes looked after him longingly, but in vain, as John is a hardened bachelor. However, John condescended to escort a handsome girl to supper and foot the bill, which the lady thinks was awful good of him. Wonder how he liked to wait an hour in the early morning

for a car, and then go three miles out of his way, for her sweet sake?

John E. Campbell can rightly claim the honor of being the best mute gentleman dancer present, and Johnny practiced early and often to gain his laurels. Johnny's services were in such demand by the fair ones that his legs were stiff as sticks for several days after, from his efforts to accommodate them.

W. E. Guss, with his immense rosette and equally big mustache, attracted a great deal of attention, and some fair ones regret he is already in double harness. William also smiled a huge smile, extending from ear to ear, as he learned of the prospective big crop of dollars he would finger soon in his capacity as a trustee.

Ashbel Morrell made desperate efforts to capture the honors of being the best dancer, and only got a tolerable credit mark in that respect. In all his other projects, particularly in pleasing the ladies, Ashbel was in the front rank, and made a big hole in at least one charming girl's heart.

"Young Jumbo" had to watch the door most of the time, but during the intervals allowed him, hung around the girls as closely as he was allowed, and rails at the heartless chairman who cheated him out of most of his fun. His young and inexperienced heart has gone into the keeping of some one else, we will wager.

Will Stafford looked jaded and worn from his hard work, but still a beautiful smile lit up his face whenever any one asked him to look inside of a schooner, and he never refused. William and his daisy mustache made one of the club's most charming "wall flowers."

Will Campbell's good-looking countenance was always where he could do most good, but though glad of the success of his pet scheme—the ball—it easily could be seen his thoughts were far away with the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows, so he left early in the evening, after being assured all was well.

Fred Muller had to work late, but that could not keep him from taking in the fun at 11 p.m., and he danced attendance all evening on one of the most incorrigible "heart breakers" present, much to the young man who took her and her other admirers' disgust. Fred has the inside track, if he will hurry up and "pop," otherwise he will be left out in the cold. Brace up, old boy, brace up!

Henry McCamley was the "dude" of the ball, and made sad havoc in the hearts of half a dozen or more mute ladies, or else we shoot wide of the mark. Henry was rigged out in the latest style, and with that beautifully waxed, straw-colored mustache, that lovely bang on his noble brow, the sweet nosegay on his manly chest, and immense rosette also, and the graceful, dignified way in which he tossed off a schooner, was alike the pride and envy of the other masculine members present. The fair one who could withstand his entrancing appearance, must have been flinty hearted indeed!

Albert Kohlmetz's huge mustache was carefully fixed up for the occasion, and it made us smile to see how often he fondled it. Wouldn't it be doing the ladies a favor for him to bestow part of his affections on one of them? When a handsome girl asked him to dance with her, he gave her the very thin excuse of, "my foot is sore."

Will Stockick's blooming face loomed down on us and every group of pretty girls; what would his "better half" say to it, were she on hand?

John Wolf dropped in for a few minutes to see how the affair got along without the aid of his mighty intellect, and grumbled when he found out that nobody missed him. John's darling was laid up with a cold, so he said, but, we rather think the cold was in Jack's pocket-book?

"Kerry Patch" showed what a nice fellow he can be when he tries, and was a good dancer; also (let us whisper) he seemed smitten with the charms of the girl in the north east corner, and she likewise with him. Kerry has our congratulations over his "gold mine."

Edgar Hazzard "bobbed up serenely" with his old love of long ago, and did his best to command the undivided attention of the fair, but, alas! too fickle lady. However, Edgar has a fighting chance, and lives in hopes, etc.

Lewis Minor came all the way from Clarksville, Mo., to attend the ball, and does not regret having come, so he told us confidentially. Lewis made a considerable sensation among the girls on the look out for a desirable bean, but up to date no one has booked him yet, and the reason therefor is that Lewis' affections have gone elsewhere, though the poor young man can't muster up the requisite nerve to ask for her heart and hand. We recommend him to take a few bottles of nerve tonic, or propose by proxy—if the latter way suits him, we will undertake the contract.

We will have to stop writing up all the gentlemen present, as time and space won't admit any more (so those who are left will excuse us, and turn a little attention to the ladies), or they will give us a talking to.

The honor of being the best dancer is awarded by almost universal consent to that talented and unassuming young lady, Miss Louisa Thomas, and the hearing gents present told us she excelled every one else without exception. She was dressed simply, but with great good taste, in a blue costume, with not a solitary bang to be seen. This is a rare thing to find in St. Louis, and we admire bangless girls, though saying so will make the atmosphere warm for yours truly when any fair one we meet.

Miss Mattie Campbell was one of the belles of the evening, and her very fine and tasty red costume—the material we don't know—set off her tall, regal figure, and charming face to its best advantage. Miss Mattie also danced superbly, and showed she could do as well as the best of them.

Misses Annie and Mary McCamley were dressed admirably in costumes of brown cloth just alike, made in the highest style of the dress-making art, at which both are expert, and danced as well as any hearing ladies. They also had their share of masculine but-terflies hovering near-by.

Misses Emma Macy and Mamie Nettleton were thought by many to be the brightly particular stars of the ball, and we confess a leaning to think so too. Both were dressed exquisitely, but to describe the dress is impossible. We give it up; but their faces alone would be a passport into public favor, and they were acknowledged to be graceful dancers—the peer of any one present.

Miss Broe was another fair one, who did first-class in dancing and made a few conquests of susceptible youths.

Miss Augusta Pastow came into public favor the first time at the ball, and her shy, retiring disposition and pretty face, found favor with not a few.

We noticed several young girl pupils of Prof. Simpson at school, who danced splendidly, and many more ladies and gentlemen space will not allow us to mention, as unfortunately the supply of our paper proves short of requirements.

Mrs. Delia Guss and Mrs. Thomas Brown were conceded the handsomest married mute ladies in the gathering.

Among others present were Misses Chas. Harden, Thos. Brown, Alex. Wright, and about twenty or thirty more; Mr. and Mrs. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Lienger, and a few more married folks; Misses Annie Deyer-eaux, Lizzie Stewart, Laura Lohman, and numerous others we cannot re-collect.

We have more items, but must put them off till our next.

The readers' weary servant,
JIM JAMS.

NEW ORLEANS.

ETRIOR JOURNAL.—On Wednesday night, January 7th, several deaf-mutes, by the names of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. Marcy, of New Orleans, and Mr. McMechen, of Wheeling, W. Va., were much surprised on meeting Mr. and Mrs. Steenor, of Wheeling, in the St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans. We all had an enjoyable time, conversing with each other. George W. Steenor and I went out down the French and Spanish part of this city to see some curious articles and old fashioned houses, and called on Joseph H. Barnes, a "mute" copyist in the United States Mint; for a short while, then entered the old French Market house, and took a walk in General Andrew Jackson's Park Square, which was splendidly planted with orange trees, sweet flowers, etc., almost like a pleasant garden. We are unable to give a description of a great many wonderful things about the old city of New Orleans. After paying a visit to the World's Exposition and the magnificent cemetery, Lake Pontchartrain, which is located in the western part of this city, Mr. Steenor and his lady, took French farewells of us (Tuttle and lady, Harris and lady, Barnes and McMechen), and New Orleans, the Paris of the Sunny South, stopping at Louisville, Cincinnati, and other places on their homeward way. Charles F. Tuttle may take a trip to Cincinnati this month, and intends to stay there, for a brief season. I contemplate making the Sunny South my future home. I feel too weak to travel about this continent at present, and am in hopes that I may stay until March or April in New Orleans and Mobile, for my health. I left the Syracuse, N. Y., shoe factory, on account of neuralgia, and could not work so hard again.

Charles F. Tuttle and his lady have had splendid times with me in the centre of the Crescent City (New Orleans) nearly every evening.

I have a first cousin, by the name of Philip Pendleton, of West Virginia, at the World's Fair.

Mr. Steenor assured us that the electric light in this city, especially on Canal Street, is the most beautiful he ever saw in his life—more magnificent than Philadelphia and New York City—extending from the view to the lake end at a distance of seven miles. The electric light was established by Brush Electric Company, of Cleveland, O. They are still extending it in every street here. The Gas Company will be buried under ground forever on account of their poor light.

Mr. John M. Stout, of Illinois, (mute) has not seen any mutes here, since December 16th, when he reached New Orleans. He first succeeded in meeting me and Mr. Tuttle, and he asked us if we were deaf-mutes, and if he was seen in Jacksonville, Ill., about five years ago. I presume I may meet Mr. Stout in the Government Department of the World's Fair today (Sunday).

JAS. W. McMECHEN.

Jan. 18, '85.

BROOKLYN SERVICES.

On the First Sunday in every month, at twelve o'clock noon, Holy Communion in the Church. At half past three in the afternoon, the usual afternoon services in the Chapel.

On all other Sundays at two o'clock p.m., services with sermon in the Church.

Utica.

That aged deaf and dumb lady who arrived in the city Tuesday afternoon and was taken to the City Hospital, an account of whose actions was published in the Press of Wednesday morning, has at last made herself known. She was taken from the Hospital to the office of Charity Clerk Conrad yesterday morning. J. J. Siegmán, of the County Clerk's office, attempted to converse with her in the sign language, but in this he was unsuccessful, as the old lady was not sufficiently versed in the signs. She afterwards pointed to letters and words in the newspapers, and attempted to make herself understood in that way. An alphabet was procured, and as she pointed to the letters and when they were placed together it was learned that her name was Mary Croft, and that her home was in Portland, Me. She was bound for Rome, where she has a son living. A ticket was given to her and she left on the 11:40 A.M. train.

Miss Louisa Redner, of Utica, went to New-York City about two weeks ago. She is the guest of her aunt and uncle.

Mr. George Farley, of New York City, was in Utica on Christmas day, to see his wife.

Mr. Harry M. POCOCK, of Elizabeth, N. J., came to Utica before Christmas last. He got a situation with his uncle.

Messrs. Charles E. Stocking and Harry M. Powell, of Utica, N. Y., spent last Sunday in Rome with Mr. Wm. Chamberlain, and also called at the Deaf-Mute Institution.

Wedding Bells.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19th:—The first mute wedding of the season at this place came off on Thursday evening, January 15th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hoy, 1736 Columbia Ave., the contracting parties being Miss L. K. Nicholas of this city, and Mr. Robert N. Stevenson, a former resident of Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. H. W. Syie performed the ceremony, and Miss Nelson, a teacher at the Institute here, by request, interpreted the ceremony to those who were gifted with hearing of whom there were more than mutes. The bride was handsomely attired in a red silk and brocade dress, and had a lovely bouquet of flowers at her waist, and the bridegroom wore a frock coat, displaying a dainty little bouton.

After the ceremony, congratulations followed, and social intercourse was next indulged in until evening, when we were ushered into a charming little room, where a handsome collation awaited us.

At about ten o'clock the happy couple started on a wedding trip to New York City.

The twins were made the happy recipients of a number of beautiful presents. Altogether it was a very pleasant affair. We wish the new couple health and wealth and a happy, prosperous and peaceful voyage through life.

The following is the list of persons who were present at the marriage:—Mrs. Caldwell, mother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Chute, parents of the groom; Mrs. Hoy, sister of the bride; Miss Eve Caldwell; Claude Hoy; Mrs. Marshall and daughter; Mrs. Maun; Miss Nelson; Mr. Allen; Mr. Elwell; Miss Downey; Miss Glenn, and Mr. Reider.

Eastern Indians News.

A license to marry was granted to William R. Adams (a speaking man,) and Rebecca Butcher, a mute, both of Briant, on the 22d of October, 1884. Charles Jackson, of Deatur, left on the 1st ult., for the South, and it is thought he is now visiting the Great World's Exposition at New Orleans.

David S. Vieley made a flying trip to Marion and Frankport, during the holidays, where he visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed. S. Leach, Mr. and Mrs. N. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Street, William R. and William Street, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob T. Arnot, Mr. Mrs. Jesse Arnot, Messrs. Rinker, and Joseph Kling, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Augustine, and some mute ladies.

"Michael Toomey and Emma Berger, both deaf and dumb, were married yesterday (Christmas) by the Squire Rynn. The young people came here from Whitley county to be spliced. The wedding was a very quiet affair, and only the ministerial kiss disturbed the quiet."—Fort Wayne Ind., Sentinel.

Mrs. Toomey has a sister living in Fort Wayne, and they will make their future home with her mother, who is a widow. We wish Mr. and Mrs. T. a world of joy.

Samuel Heilbronner, of Fort Wayne, was in Bluffton, to spend Christmas week with Amos French and family. Mr. and Mrs. French and children were each presented with a nice and valuable gift by Mr. Heilbronner, except Mr. French's baby, and some nice gifts by Mr. Weller, of Fort Wayne, which were sent along with Mr. Heilbronner.

Mr. Heilbronner, accompanied by Mr. French, was in Geneva, visiting his relatives, on the Sunday after Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmond S. Leach, of Fairmount, were the guests of their brother-in-law and sister, and Mr. and Mrs. French, on Christmas.

DETECTIVE FRANCAISE.

Jan. 19, '85.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS.

Last time I wrote some items for your paper I reported that Mr. Jas. C. Harlan's father presented him with a house and farm. It was a mistake. Mr. Harlan desires me to say that he has gone to house-keeping in Woodland. But they rent a pretty cottage, and Mr. Harlan's father lives with them.

I stated that Mr. Martin Aronsohn was expecting to get work at the City Hall with a salary \$1,200. It is a mistake about his salary. He works in the City Hall as a porter at a salary of \$840 per year. He is active and industrious, and only works in the morning and evenings when the clerks are absent.

Mrs. Carrie Meyer is now house-keeping at her new home, 236 Fell St.

Michael O'Flynn, a very elegant young mute from Europe, has settled in our city with his uncle, who is a doctor of some renown in our State, name of R. McLean. Mr. O'Flynn is unknown to many mutes. He is wealthy, and writes French and Spanish, as well as Greek and Latin. He was educated privately.

Our young friend, Williams, a fine semi-mute, thinks of becoming a surveyor. He is unusually bright and fine-looking, and looks like our lamented mute friend, Chas. T. Smith, who died ten years ago, who was so remarkably gifted in mind. His loss was a sad blow to us all.

Mr. A. C. Doe, our semi-mute associate, an interesting bachelor of forty, is now seeing all of the world in his travels to Sierra City, corner of Northern California, as a postal-car conductor, with much freight for San Francisco. His salary is \$1,380 per year. Mr. Doe is growing very stout. His weight is 185 lbs.

Miss Reynolds, formerly of Indiana, now of Oakland, has settled among us, and is one of our bright stars. She is very pretty and interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Williams live at 9 Mint Avenue, and are well-known as belonging to our best church.

Miss Susan Wertheimer is said to be one of the wealthiest mute ladies in San Francisco or California.

CAPT. SPARKS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.

An Open Letter to the High Class Graduates of the New York Inst.

About twenty-five years ago, the High Class Graduates formed an association to meet occasionally and keep green the memory of their youth. They held only a single meeting, and then the war came and the association dissolved. Why should it not be revived? Enough could be got together to make the walls of "Old Fanwood" ring again, and make us all imagine we were school boys and girls again. It would not cost much, and we could have a good time. As far as I can find out, although a great many of our old classmates have married, only a few have died in consequence, and most of those living would probably be delighted to meet again. So I set the ball rolling at the request of some of the old High Class who live in New York City. The most appropriate place of meeting would be Fanwood, if the directors would consent. The time can be settled after we hear from the graduates. Any of the graduates willing to co-operate are requested to write to me. This notice is for the purpose of seeing if enough can be got together to warrant an association, and of course it may prove a failure, so I make no promises about calling a meeting.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON (H. C. '68),
22 East 21st Street,
New York.

Death of Mrs. T. L. Brown.

DEAR JOURNAL:—We are very much pained to announce the death of Mrs. T. L. Brown, wife of Prof. T. L. Brown, of Flint, Mich., that took place in Flint, Sunday morning, 3:20 o'clock, January 18th, 1885. We, the Michigananders, hereby extend our warmest and heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved husband in his great affliction.

Mrs. Brown had been troubled with a miserable case of cancer for some years, and went East for skillful treatment, but it was hopeless, and she came back home last August and her days. Now she feels asleep, and awoke in a new world of light, and will never be sick any more!

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to suffer."

C. C. COLBY.

In behalf of Michigan mutes of Chicago.

Scranton News.

Mr. J. M. Koehler is a young man of large experience, having been three years in the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C. A deaf-mute school was originally established by Mr. Koehler, in Scranton.

A mute, by the name of Dow Chisholm, who was educated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was in Scranton, collecting money for the benefit of the Halifax Institution. Is he an impostor or not? [Look out for him.—Ed.]

John McDonough, the Scranton police giant, visited Mr. James Williams' shoe shop, in Wilkesbarre, Pa. It was reported that Williams will be married to a Scotch speaking lady next summer. He thinks she is thirty five times better than a deaf-mute lady.

It is rumored that Peter Decker is about to marry a mute lady, of Morris Run, Pa., in two years.

DETECTIVE.

NEW YORK.

The New England Party.

JOTTINGS.

(From our regular correspondent.)

What busy scenes were being enacted in the basement of St. Ann's Church on Tuesday afternoon, when your reporter wended his way through mazes of pies, cakes and cookies? Everything was bustle, and very little confusion. Mrs. Roberts, the chairman of the committee, with her corps of assistants, were preparing things for the evening.

Mr. S. M. Brown and Mr. Graham were arranging tables, etc., while Mr. Clement R. Thomson lit up the otherwise dark apartment with his familiar smile. Evening came, but none too soon for the young ladies, who had by this time donned their quaint old caps, and lace collars, and dainty aprons, in "ye old style." The ladies, who officiated in the dining room were: Mrs. Roberts, Chief, Misses Shute, Noble, Reed, Felver, Shiek, Brink, Berley and Barker. Mrs. McDougal, assisted in the culinary department, while Mrs. Simmons, looking ten years younger, greeted the occasion with her presence and a red bandanna. When an occasion of this kind comes off it is never complete unless Mrs. S. presides over the range. Shortly after 8 o'clock, Mr. Barnes introduced Dr. Gallaudet, who opened the affair with prayer, and was followed by Mr. Gallaudet, Mr. Colt and Mr. P. W. Packard, of Mass., each with short speeches. Mr. William G. Jones, the inimitable deaf-mute comedian and humorist, concluded the opening exercises. Then the guests went into the dining room, and were fed in battalions. The supper consisted of ham, tongue, coffee cake, ice cream, etc. Nearly every one partook of the menu. It is surprising how much one can eat for a charitable cause! After all had finished, the unsold eatables were auctioned off. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. W. G. Jones officiating as the auctioneers. The auction proved a source of amusement and also financial enrichment. The first cake put up was bought by Mrs. Henry J. Haight for \$3. Then a small pound cake was put up for sale, and when it reached 25 cents, Editor Hodgson bid 50 cents and proved to be the buyer; but he handed the amount back together with the cake, and it was bought in by Mr. C. R. Thomson, who gallantly presented it to the President of the Jam Club. There were many cakes that did credit to the bakers of them. It would be almost as easy to say who was not there as to tell who was. But in addition to those already mentioned, we noticed Dr. Gallaudet, wife and daughter. Mr. and Mrs.

lin, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith and Miss Powers, and Mrs. and Miss Sondberg. Fanwood was represented by Miss Prudence Lewis, Miss Jennie Williams and Mr. Geo. S. Porter, of the administrative department, President Decker, Vice-President Hawkins, Secretary Wells, and Treasurer Weyant, and Messrs Croak and Ray of the Jam Club. Messrs Miller, Dunn, Fosmire, Brede, Penrose, Winne, Schmidt and Stratton. The Gallaudet Club, as usual, turned out strong, the delegation consisted of Messrs. Jones, Mann, Hodgson, Parcells and Russell, accompanied by their wives, and bachelors of the club, Messrs. Barnes, Soper, Souweine, Heyman, Pach, Thomson, Someborn, Louns-bury Goldman, Ballin and Bailey, also graced the occasion with their presence. There were also Misses Doyle, Finhr, McVaine, and Messrs. Tresch, Jeyes, Thompson, Campbell, Donnelly, Fry, Donohue, LeClerq, Lowenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Pownall, Reynolds, Sinclair, Alexander, Godfrey, Senior, Vetterlin, Meisel and many others, in fact so many that we could not get anything like a complete list, and if there are some whose names are omitted, it is not the reporter's fault. Mr. Ijams officiated as door-keeper, and Messrs. Frank Thomson, and L. Newton Soper had charge of the hat-check arrangements. Both in a social and financial way, the affair was very re-numerative, and the Guild is to be congratulated on the success of this, their third venture. After Easter comes their fair, which will be announced later.

T. F. Lounsbury is a frequent visitor at the Knickerbocker Rink, and has also become a devotee of "cycling." He has purchased a fifty inches Standard Columbia Machine, and is learning to master the fractions stud at Bidwell's Academy.

A member of the Guild informs me that the net profits the New England party would be about sixty dollars.

"Mr. Spy," had you paid attention to that item you refer to, when it appeared, you would not be laboring under the delusion that "Hypo" expected you to find him among the alleged ten million, you claim as the population of Philadelphia.

Mr. Andrew Weinberger, of Harlem, is expected home from the West early in the Spring.

Miss Doyle, who was a pupil at Fanwood some years ago, made her first appearance in deaf-mute circles at the Guild party. A young, "shining light" of the city, says she is an instance of a fair flower "Born to blush unseen, and waste her sweetness on the desert air."

If there are a few more hearing officers elected in the Newark Society, won't the name of "deaf-mute Society" be a misnomer?

We openly acknowledge our thanks to Mr. Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., for his kind offer in connection with "Hypo's" coming New England tour. We will be at Wellesley College (2 miles from Natick) but will make Natick our headquarters.

As near as we can tell, we will be at Middletown, Conn., January 26th to February 14th, Providence, R. I., February 16th to March 14th, Hanover, New Hampshire, (near White River Junction) March 16th to 28th, Wellesley, Mass., April 1st to 20th.

This programme is subject to change. This will be our last letter from New York for some time to come. But we will endeavor to provide something every week, when the material is forthcoming, when not, we will draw upon our (limited) resources.

The C. L. U. Ball, to take place Feb. 9th, with all its usual splendor, and the Peet Literary Society's entertainment on the 12th, are the all-absorbing topics of conversation among deaf-mutes of the city.

Mr. Leo Lyons, of the Crescent Boat Club of Boston, was the guest of the Gallaudet Club last Saturday.

A novel wager was made the other day. One deaf-mute said that he would bet any amount that "four months after Cleveland is inaugurated, nearly every business house in the country would be closed." So starting an assertion made the democrats present surprised, and after finding no takers for his bet, he explained that exactly four months after Cleveland's inauguration, would be the 4th of July, and things generally are closed on that day.

Prof. F. D. Clarke's communication in last week's JOURNAL, puts the "Bell Memoir" in a different light. Our comment was merely a "Me too" re-echo of "Gaston's," but now that we see both sides of the question we withdraw from the controversy. Prof. Bell has been misrepresented, and we retract what we said.

HYPO.

NEWS FROM IOWA.

W. A. Nelson returned home from his visit in the East, after an absence of a month.

On account of the shut down of all factories, especially in Moline and Rock Island, Ill., nearly all the mutes were out of work. These factories will be re-opened before Spring.

John C. Hummer lost a horse which he bought for \$100 last April. This is the 7th horse he has lost in eleven years.

Mrs. Mollie Hummer went to Muscatine to visit her aged father and brother, and staid there three weeks. While there, she had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. John Beck.

Lin, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith and Miss Powers, and Mrs. and Miss Sondberg. Fanwood was represented by Miss Prudence Lewis, Miss Jennie Williams and Mr. Geo. S. Porter, of the administrative department, President Decker, Vice-President Hawkins, Secretary Wells, and Treasurer Weyant, and Messrs Croak and Ray of the Jam Club. Messrs Miller, Dunn, Fosmire, Brede, Penrose, Winne, Schmidt and Stratton. The Gallaudet Club, as usual, turned out strong, the delegation consisted of Messrs. Jones, Mann, Hodgson, Parcells and Russell, accompanied by their wives, and bachelors of the club, Messrs. Barnes, Soper, Souweine, Heyman, Pach, Thomson, Someborn, Louns-bury Goldman, Ballin and Bailey, also graced the occasion with their presence. There were also Misses Doyle, Finhr, McVaine, and Messrs. Tresch, Jeyes, Thompson, Campbell, Donnelly, Fry, Donohue, LeClerq, Lowenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Pownall, Reynolds, Sinclair, Alexander, Godfrey, Senior, Vetterlin, Meisel and many others, in fact so many that we could not get anything like a complete list, and if there are some whose names are omitted, it is not the reporter's fault. Mr. Ijams officiated as door-keeper, and Messrs. Frank Thomson, and L. Newton Soper had charge of the hat-check arrangements. Both in a social and financial way, the affair was very re-numerative, and the Guild is to be congratulated on the success of this, their third venture. After Easter comes their fair, which will be announced later.

George Kinney was telegraphed to be in London, Ia., to take a man's place as pump-engineer. The man was confined to bed for two weeks. The work was not new to Mr. Kinney, as he has some experience. His father has been a pump-engineer for the C. N. W. R. R. Company, for over fifteen years.

W. A. Nelson, enjoyed his visit very much, at the residence of H. B. Bryant, near Miles. From what he saw, the farm is well managed by Mr. Bryant.

Glad to say that the mutes can work on farms as well as the hearing people.

Stephen Nicholson made Mr. Bryant a pleasant visit. However

FANWOOD.

Neighboring Ponds Ring with Merry Skaters.

WHAT THE FINGERS ARE SAYING.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

"A young man dressed in elaborate style
Put on the skates with a confident smile;
But in spite of his 'gall'
His pride got a hard fall.
And now his head is too big for his tile."

Real winter enjoyment was almost beyond the sanguine expectations of the pupils, on account of the past unfavorable indications of the weather—no ice to skate upon and no snow clad hills to ride down on. But the recent cold snap has rekindled their spirits and the boys may daily be seen making fast headway for the ponds in the neighborhood. Both the beginner and expert are there, and between these there is always a strong contrast. The expert straps on his skates with a look of unconcern and in a moment is gliding over the mirrorized surface with grace and ease. The novice trembles as he puts on his, and eyeing the invincible skater as he skims the ice, makes a timid effort and sets out. Every thing seems to go contrary to his wishes, and without a moment's warning his feet fly from under him, and with each successive fall he sees

"Meteorite visions flashing
In a long and brilliant train,
While all earthly things go rushing,
And his head is one big pain."

Such is the fate of nearly every beginner, but they generally succeed at last.

Coasting for the past several years has not been as exciting as it was years ago. Coasting was never seen in better condition, and the pupils more enthusiastic over their sleds than between the years of '73 and '78. They had a long hill to ride down, and great care and labor were expended in making it as swift for their sleds as possible. Every one prided himself on possessing the fastest sled, and the dispute was often settled in a race. As a result, they became bold and reckless riders, often dashing down the long hill at break-neck speed and at the risk of their lives. Serious accidents were not uncommon then, but the sport was exciting. Now such a long coast cannot be enjoyed owing to the fence which obstructs the way, but it is strange to say there has been very poor coasting for the past several years.

Dr. Peet was present at the reception given last week to Mr. Barclay, by the Directors of the Philadelphia Institution. Mr. Barclay is the oldest director of the Philadelphia Institution. Caring is being succeeded by Mr. Intervenor.

with credit as a student of the Institution and a learner.

Besides the daily rehearsals of the Peet Literary Society for their entertainment, the boys of the lower classes are rehearsing for a variety play to come off sometime during the latter of February.

At the New England Party Tuesday evening of last week, uncut cakes were sold at auction. The President of the Jam Club was presented with one of the cakes which cost the wealthy purchaser fifty cents.

Fred R. Stryker is becoming a regular weekly visitor. He is said to be working in Tousey's Publishing House.

Miss Hattie Tront relinquished her duties as housekeeper last Thursday, and following Saturday bade farewell to Fanwood. She spends one week in the city, then starts for Virginia, her native State. Mrs. Rogers, formerly at the head of the laundry, succeeds her.

A debate was billed to come off before the Fanwood Literary Association last Saturday evening, but some how or another it failed to come off. The audience was entertained by a story given by James B. Lloyd.

The father of Miss Mary Martin died last week.

The girls in the Art Department persuaded Supervisor Thimble to sit while they made him the object of a sketch, last week.

Miss Terpenning has been appointed to take the place of Mrs. Rogers in the laundry.

Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., has got his eyes on the Government Printing House in Washington, D. C. Hope he will succeed.

We are glad to hear that William Ennis was well enough to attend the lecture of the Catholic Benevolent Union, Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Wise were Friday visitors.

The wife of Patrick Conroy, the Institution coachman, has been dangerously ill.

Theodore I. Lounsbury, of the class of '84, is going to get a bicycle.

Dr. Peet attended the dinner of the famous Sorosis Club in New York, on Thursday evening last.

W. Rose was suddenly summoned home last week, by a telegram announcing the death of his father.

Miss Myra L. Barrager spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Trenton.

Mrs. Nancy Van Dyne, of Pine Brook, N. J., paid us a brief visit on Tuesday last.

Misses Emma Wells and Frankie Hawkins, of the High Class, have been chosen to make arrangements for the annual Masquerade Ball on Washington's birthday.

John Carlin Speaks.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the JOURNAL of January 1st last, I read the reply of my old friend, Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Heniker, N. H., to Mr. Tillinghast, respecting Mr. Geo. A. Holmes and his accusers. His concluding words were:—"I should be pleased to have my good friend, Mr. John Carlin's proper opinion in such a much-talked matter through the independent JOURNAL." I beg to thank Mr. Brown for his kind compliment, and after due consideration, it appears proper for me to gratify his request. In expressing my opinion, I respectfully inform my friends, engaged in the quarrel, which I am sorry to find still disturbing the peace of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, that I shall endeavor to exercise my strict impartiality.

The "much-talked matter" is as follows:—The First National Convention of deaf-mutes was proposed four years ago; the proposition was considered and accepted, and Cincinnati was selected. Mr. Hodgson editorially suggested that all the Mute Societies should appoint delegates thereto. It was an excellent suggestion, and a number of them cheerfully accepted it. Thereupon Mr. Harry White, in a letter, published in the JOURNAL last Fall, informed its readers with manly candor that did him much credit, that without Mr. Holmes' knowledge he wrote a letter to Mr. Sturgis, Treasurer of the Boston Society, four years ago, arguing that Mr. Holmes was entitled as a delegate to be furnished with fifty dollars from the Society's fund for his expenses.

As far as I understand, Mr. Sturgis, who is a speaking man, requested Mr. Holmes to call on him; they held a conversation on the subject, thus introduced by Mr. White; the proposition was considered and accepted, and the delegate went to Cincinnati.

Here a question arises: Was the treasurer which he was—actually clothed with a higher grade of authority to attend all the Society's business transactions himself, and that without the approval of the officers thereof? If he was so, it seems logical the transaction which he performed with Mr. Holmes was correct, and therefore Mr. White's appeal in behalf of Mr. Holmes, even without his knowledge, was right, and the delegate's acceptance of the money was also right. But if he was not so, nothing, but the statement from so honorable a gentleman as he is reputed to be, which we are expecting to read, can show us how the manner of his transaction with Mr. Holmes was done. While awaiting its appearance, I beg to call my readers' attention to the following facts which appear to be unfavorable to the delegate's accusers: Mr. Frisbee accused Mr. Holmes before the Society only a few months ago of obtaining by unfair means the said money. And President

respectfully ask: Was there any charge ever brought by those gentlemen, at the same place and time against Mr. Sturgis for his breach of trust? Another important question, which I shall thank Mr. Frisbee for answering: Why was his accusation of the erring mute not done four years ago—immediately before his departure for or after his return home from the Convention, in case the accuser previously knew of the transaction of the mischievous fifty dollars, and also the parliamentary rule, generally observed, that breakers of law or rules should be brought to trial at the earliest possible time?

And, in conclusion, may I ask the honorable President's permission to ask one more question: Were any rules introduced into the Society since its birth or infancy for its government, more especially its financial management?

JOHN CARLIN.
NEW YORK, 1-16-'85.

In order to show that Mr. Geo. A. Holmes has long since been and is still an ever-ready friend in need, I introduce herein this article, which I wrote for a deaf-mute newspaper during the late war.

A SLEIGH RIDE.

In the latter part of last month, (January 18th), a party of mute gentlemen and ladies, agreeably to appointment, met early in the afternoon, at a house in East Boston, with the purpose of taking a ride to Sanguis, about ten miles from Boston. They were Dr. Syntax (Mr. Amos Smith), and his charming lady, Mr. Packard, generally known among the Boston mutes as the "Deacon," an honor he indeed deserves because of his sterling worth and zeal in promoting deaf-mute welfare, and his lively lady, Mr. Bowes and his lovely bride, Mr. George A. Holmes, sometimes called jocosely, of course, the "Sepoy," a man of generous impulses and one who would as readily run to the succor of distressed maidens as he did cut his "Navy tobacco" for our pipes; Mr. Will Whereas, Editor of the *Palladium Bird*, (Mr. Wm. Martin Chamberlain, Editor of the *Owl*), Mr. Bailey, an intelligent knight of the owl, and the writer of this article, who was kindly invited to the party. Besides, there were among the guests, Mr. Holmes' matronly mother, sister and brother, all hearing persons.

On our arrival at the house, we, much to our consternation, and vexation, learned that the team on double runners, previously promised to us, had been taken by another party, but the Sepoy (Mr. Holmes) always handy in emergency, sought, and after near-

ly two hours' labor, succeeded in securing another team, and we were all happy again, the lateness of the hour notwithstanding. Soon the team, an open and capacious one, came to hand, and, in less than two minutes, we found ourselves packed most comfortably in furs, with heated bricks under our feet. The ride was begun; the road was in first-rate condition; our buoyant spirits ran riot, and even the four horses themselves seemed to demonstrate their approval thereof by their rapid pace and the merry music of their bells. Apropos of the merry music, the mutes present could not hear it, but they knew the horses did. Well, we now crossed the bridge and were on the main land. The sky was quite cloudy, and the air was cold, but not too cold for our comfort. We reached Chelsea, and scarcely had we commenced our grand passage through the rows of bright eyes of the fair Chelseans at the windows, when our sleigh, by reason of the huge heaps of snow in the street, reared its head aloft and plunged so violently that one of its runners broke! The vehicle being at a dead stop in the middle of the broad street, with the clouds overhead, increasing in mass and blackness, indicative of another terrific snow storm,—to say nothing of the rapid approach of night, we were literally in a "fix." And our expressions, one minute back gleeful but now inglorious, eloquently bespoke our full conviction that were doomed not to enjoy the feast in store at Sanguis. But where the gallant Sepoy was, there was no despair. So he ordered our driver to go back with two of the horses to East Boston, and bring us another team. The man of the whip obeyed the order with a celebrity that fully assured all the sleigh-wrecked passengers that their fond anticipations would sooner or later be realized.

Soon after he left us, Will Whereas rose slowly, and with the gravity of his favorite bird,—a creature which has never been known to smile,—spoke in this wise:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ATTENTION!

WHEREAS, We met at Mrs. H—'s house this afternoon—it was half past two o'clock, you know,—with the belief that our team was ready for us, and we found ourselves deprived thereof; and,

WHEREAS, After a long suspense between hope and disappointment, another sleigh was brought to us, and we were glad,—were we not?—it was four o'clock, but it couldn't be helped, ladies and gentlemen. We went off at first rate, with many hopes of mental and bodily enjoyment; and,

WHEREAS, In the very midst of our pleasure, our sleigh—three groans for it—broke down, and we are here, ladies and gentlemen. It will soon be five o'clock, but it can't be helped. Likely we shall stay here, in the open, cold air, for an hour, if not longer; and,

WHEREAS, Another vehicle will be brought, as if one can be found in East

Boston,—
Resolved, That we shall make the best of it."

This said, the editor of the *Palladium Bird* bowed around and sat down, evidently satisfied that he had done a great act of benevolence.

For more than an hour, sitting in the wreck, with the furs keeping us warm, we cracked jokes, some good and others stale; the grave Deacon smiled benignantly on us and resumed his wonted meditation, and Dr. Syntax, having discharged two or three random jokes, fell musing on the matter nearest to his heart—the new Institution for deaf-mutes in Massachusetts. It was quite dark when the driver returned with a fresh sleigh, which was simply a covered omnibus on runners. All right. Hurrah for the Sepoy!

On we sped over the snowy road. By reason of the excessive darkness of the evening, we ceased talking. Then I thought Laura Bridgman had an advantage over seeing mutes, in the dark. Had we learned her peculiar way of feeling the fingers gyrating in the manual alphabet, we would surely have continued our pleasant conversation. We sped on; the road grew more uneven, hence sundry eccentricities of the omnibus, anything but agreeable to our nerves. With some difficulty, I read Will Whereas' fingers as he spelt—"I vote sleighing a humbug."

At length, after two weary hours of dreary ride, we reached our destination,—Capt. H—d's hospitable mansion, where we met a warm reception from our excellent host, hostess, and their blooming mute daughter, who is betrothed to our Sepoy—I forgot to add to them their son, who was attentive to our comfort.

Need I say anything of the feast on the table, around which we sat, hungry as half famished wolves? I fear my language is not equal to the idea suggested by the fragrance of the coffee, which, strange to say, did not at all tickle the olfactory nerve of the Deacon as it did those of the rest of us.

At 12 we bade Capt. H—d and his family adieu, and we returned to our seats in the sleigh. The Sepoy had the foresight to furnish us with a good light from a sperm candle stuck in a bottle, which he carried all the way. Indeed that light was a real blessing to us poor benighted mutes. We were somewhat startled by the unwelcome observation, made by some one—probably the driver—that there were some dangers in our way on account of the Egyptian darkness of the sky, and the ruggedness of the road. Thereupon it was proposed that a prayer should be tendered to our Divine Father for our safety. Unanimously agreed to, and the Deacon made a most impressive prayer, and we afterwards felt calm, cheerful, and

even merry, as we went over the road. In a word, our homeward ride was smooth and rapid, for in fact, we reached our respective homes in one hour and a half after we left Sanguis.

JOHN CARLIN.

Woonsocket.

Mrs. Whipple M. Follett will lecture in Boston, January 18th.

George A. Holmes is on a few days' visit to his sister in Providence.

"Woonsocket Boy" expects to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Nye Brown, of Syracuse, next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jackson, of Attleboro, will probably take in the Worcester Levee.

The Salvation Army is now in Woonsocket, and the mutes are attending the meetings nightly.

E. E. Aldrich will go West next fall. His married sister and her husband are now in Salem, O., and will be pleased to see any mute there.

Our dear sister, Minnie F. Smith, daughter of Mrs. Follett, is now in Salem, O., when she will remain for a year, as a guest of Mrs. Aldrich. Minnie is impressed with the western hospitality, and has an excellent appetite.

Joseph H. Donnelly sends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor.

Henry D. Stillman is surprised that very few mutes come to this lovely town. He still holds the reins of his horses.

The Brown University students held a meeting last Saturday. The committee on class photographs reported in favor of employing Pach Bros., of New York. The rate obtained for cabinet pictures were \$3 per dozen to Seniors, and \$4 to other students.

We are glad to learn through the JOURNAL that the young semi-mute, Mr. Pach, will come to Providence for four weeks. Although we are strangers, I will be glad to see him. Pach and myself were from the New York School, though at different times. I am always glad to welcome New Yorkers. Hope he will let me know when he comes to Providence.

WOONSOCKET BOY.

A Miraculous Escape.

Last Thursday afternoon, a few minutes before four o'clock, the engineer of the down freight train from Alton Bay, due at Dover at 2:30, but it was one and a half hours late, as the train was nearing the depot in Dover; I saw a man ahead on the track just crossing toward a shop, where he had a job. The engineer blew the whistle, but the man paid no attention. He blew the whistle again and again, but it was of no avail in warning him of the danger. The engine slackened speed, bore down upon him, and struck him.

By some means he caught hold of the cow-catcher, and held on till the train stopped, and the engineer dismounted and ran to see who the man was, and found it was Mr. Edward J. Skelley, of Rochester, N. H., a deaf-mute.

Mr. Skelley heard no whistle, and knew nothing of his danger, as the train could not stop, and it was marvelous that he was not killed outright. In consequence of the snow storm, which was very heavy, he could not see the train coming.

Mr. J. E. Livingston called and saw Mr. Skelley, and had an interview with him regarding his accident. Mr. S. said he was looking for a job in Dover during the snow storm, and he never walked on the track before. He is recovering. He is a wool sorter, and he has been out of employment for about four months. I understand he has been offered work in a shoe factory. He was educated at the Hartford Asylum, in 1867.



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I also can with **Safety** recommend **SOMYKA** as a safe cure for Sore, Hoarse or Swollen Throat, Offensive Breath, Tender or Sore Gums; and as for **Cleaning, Whitening and Strengthening your Teeth**, there is positively nothing like the **SOMYKA**. It is pleasant in taste and agreeable in odor.

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THIRD SEASON.

ANNUAL RECEPTION

OF THE

CATHOLIC LITERARY

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF MUTES,

AT

IRVING HALL

(15th St. and Irving Pl.)

Monday Evening, Feb. 9, 1885.

MUSIC BY PROF. RICH. E. SAUSE.

DOORS OPEN AT 8.30. DANCING COMMENCES AT 10 P.M. SHARP

TICKETS, admitting gent. and ladies, 50 CENTS.

To be had of any of the members, or at the door on the evening of the Reception.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse admittance to objectionable persons.

It is expected this will eclipse all previous affairs held by the Union.

The music, under the leadership of Prof. Sause, is already too well-known to need further comment.

Everything will be done for the comfort of our guests, so that all who may attend may look forward to a most enjoyable evening.

Supper can be had at the numerous restaurants in the vicinity of the Hall at prices to suit yourself.

Special arrangements have been made with the "Prospect," McMahon's and Stewart's Oyster Parlors, where guests will receive special attention.

In conclusion, the committee extend a most cordial welcome to all.

COMMITTEE.

J. P. DONOHUE, Chairman.

J. H. LEONARD, J. D. SHELTON.

THOMAS HAYDON JOHN LLOYD, JR.

THE best adapted for the use of your relatives and friends, on account of the convenient size and clear and elegant design. Single and double handed alphabet cards, with or without your name on the back.

50 cards 25 cents.
100 " 50 cents.

W. R. CULLINGWORTH,
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THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now offered by John F. Tillinghast, New Bedford, Mass., President, and John W. Packard, Treasurer. The regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It is for the purpose of promoting the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 124 East 4th Street, New York City.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 17th St., near 5th Avenue. The regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It is for the purpose of promoting the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 124 East 4th Street, New York City.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Literary Association, of NEWARK.

Meets every week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rectory, 100 North 1st Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Walter McDougall; 2d Vice-President, Thomas H. Stewart; Treasurer, William Zwinger; Secretary, John Ward, Jr. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, John Ward, Jr., 388 Market St., Newark, N. J.

THE CATHOLIC LITERARY BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Educational Class, 10th Street, between 1st and 2nd Avenues, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 5th St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE CATHOLIC LITERARY BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturdays in each month, at 8 P.M. Arline Kemble, President, and Otis Vance, Secretary. Secretary's P.O. address is 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE CLERG LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerg Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parlor, 10th Street, above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each month. 1st Thursday of December, 1884, and 1st Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Sifer is President, and Abraham L. Manning Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Howe, of West Boyford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members, and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice President, Chas. Angell; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Chas. L. Buchanan. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle's Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Pownall, President; W. A. Bond, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Henry Stengels, Secretary; Henry T. Phibbs, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 397 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Secretary, Martin Aronson. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, 10th Street, between 1st and 2nd Avenues, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 5th St., San Francisco, Cal.

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CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

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